

ourselves into restlessness through envy of those who can do easily what we cannot do at all.

Aspiration and ambition are good enough in their way, and we should always be prepared for greater opportunities, when they present themselves; but it is a fatal mistake, (and a common one) not to do the little things of to-day, because we expect to do greater things to-morrow.

A good deed, however small, done with pure motives will never be disapproved on high. It matters not how God and our fellowman, preserve our long or short our creed may be, if we love personal integrity amid temptations and hardships, consecrate our lives to the same work to which Christ, our Great Exemplar, consecrated his, cannot be a failure, but a grand success.

Let us then as followers of Christ, do all the good we can, and trust to the love of God, rather than the caprice of man.

If we live in narrow circles, let us fill them with holy thoughts and noble actions. No day will pass, but what will give you the opportunity to lend a helping hand to some forlorn soul. Men and women always need encouragement for our days are full of trouble.

Let us, so far as lieth in our power do all the good we can, either by word or deed, or both, whenever the opportunity presents itself, whether it calls forth the censure of men or not. This is the only way to achieve true greatness.

"Toil on then greatness: thou'rt in the right,  
However narrow souls may call the wrong;  
Be as thou would'st be in thine own clear sight,  
And so thou shalt be in the world ere long;  
For worldings cannot, struggle as they may,  
From man's great soul, one great thought hide away."

—Lowell.

Sharpsburg, M.d

Praise the Lord for his goodness.

Julius Palmer, burnt to death, moved his charred lips and uttered the words, "Sweet Jesus," then fell asleep.

## Home Circle.

### WHAT ONE KIND WORD DID.

How beautiful are kind words in the home! How true the Scripture proverb, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Margaret E. Sangster in her beautiful verses, "My Neighbor," thus recites a helpful incident:

"My neighbor met me on the street,  
She dropped a word of greeting gay,  
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,  
I stepped to music all that day.

"The cares that tugged at heart and brain,  
The work too heavy for my hand,  
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,  
The tasks I could not understand,

"Grew lighter as I walked along  
With air and step of liberty;  
Freed by the sudden lilt of song  
That filled the world with cheer for me.

"Yet was this all? A woman wise,  
Her life enriched by many a year,  
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,  
"Passed on, and said, "Good morning, dear!"

### A BOOK WHICH EVERY BOY AND GIRL MUST WRITE.

"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Hardin says his mother writes books."

"Does she?" said mother, and then she went on sewing and forgot Charlie who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats. Just then the door bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back her little boy was sitting on her footstool, busily writing in a handsome book; but as he wrote with a slate pencil it didn't do the book any harm."

"Now, mother," said her little boy, "I'm done my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not near done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming closer to her.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life'; you can only write one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry that smears

your page, and when you help mother and keep a bright face and don't quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God says that your book is long enough," answered mother, "He will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books shall be opened and read."

Charlie sat very quiet awhile, and then said, softly: "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother, "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God; its pages were clean and white no stains on them."

Charlie looked up, and saw two tear drops fall on mother's work, but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.

### A CHINESE BOY.

What is the most important event in the life of a little American boy or a little English boy? Why, it is when he takes off his knickerbockers and goes into long trousers, is it not? From that time he ceases to be a little boy merely, and begins to take on some of the cares and duties of a grown-up man.

Perhaps he is given a latch key at that time.

But in China it is different. What do you suppose is done for a boy when he has reached the age when he is tired of kite flying and playing with Chinese toys! Why, his head is shaved, and he is prepared for a queue! The celebration of the event is a very important one in a Chinese household. All the friends and relatives are invited and are expected to give the boy a very nice present in money. The boy himself is elegantly dressed in silk robes and is perfumed as sweet as fresh spices can make him. When all are assembled his father makes a speech, the relatives present him with the purse of money, then the Chinese priest shaves the boy's head for a queue. And he is launched upon the world as a man.—*Boys' Brigade Courier.*